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OLLEY TRIPS

ough the Old-time Haunts of the Norwottuck and Pocumtuck Indians



Watfield

Wadley

Deerfield

Amherst

Greenfield

Sunderland



PRICE 10 CENTS



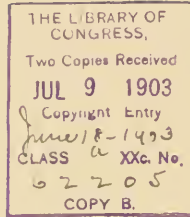
"THEY WASTE US—AY—LIKE APRIL SNOW
IN THE WARM NOON, WE SHRINK AWAY;
AND FAST THEY FOLLOW AS WE GO
TOWARDS THE SETTING DAY—
TILL THEY SHALL FILL THE LAND, AND WE
ARE DRIVEN INTO THE WESTERN SEA."

Through *the* Old-time Haunts
of the Norwottuck and
Pocumtuck *Indians*



By
FRANCES J. WHITE

SPRINGFIELD: MASSACHUSETTS
NINETEEN HUNDRED & THREE




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I N T R O D U C T O R Y

HE Greenfield, Deerfield and Northampton trolley route penetrates a region of matchless natural beauty and great historic interest, which it is the object of this pamphlet merely to hint at, and the detailed recital of which has filled volumes. The facts cited are from the histories of J. R. Trumbull, Hon. George Sheldon, Sylvester Judd and others, whose pages I have read to my great pleasure and profit.

If the following pages shall be instrumental in creating an added appreciation of the beauties of the Connecticut and Deerfield valleys the purpose of the writer will have been fulfilled.

F. J. W.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF NORTHAMPTON

N O R T H A M P T O N

THE eyes of the pioneers in Northampton rested upon far different scenes than those that greet our eyes today. "The imagination pictures them," says J. R. Trumbull, "on a mild day early in the month of May, halting wearily upon 'Meeting House Hill.' Calm and peaceful stretch the wide expanding meadows, already smiling under the kindly influence of the genial season. The two mountains, clothed to their summits with green, are seen through the intervening forests as the setting sun illumines their wooded heights. Upward curls the smoke of the Indian wigwams, and dimly between the trees are seen glimpses of their dusky owners, watching the newcomers with eager interest."

The Norwottucks, whose possessions extended from the "Great Falls" at South Hadley to Mt. Sugar Loaf, parted

willingly with their lands and, reserving the right to fish, hunt and raise corn, dwelt with the new proprietors upon the most amicable terms. For twenty years the settlers were unmolested. They built their log houses, erected a "house for ye town," settled a minister, made permanent provision for public schools and progressed and prospered generally.

Then came King Philip's War; sweeping over the whole of Western Massachusetts and leaving death and devastation in its wake. "The River Indians" made common cause with Philip and lurked in every available hiding-place, ready to pounce upon any who exposed themselves. The years of 1675-6 were years of dreary outlook to the dwellers along the "Great River"; but with the death of Philip came relief from the depredations of the New England savages, although the colonists experienced no feeling of real security until the final declaration of peace between England and France.

During the first hundred years Northampton remained a frontier settlement; but with the birth of the "Hampshire Gazette" in 1786 she woke to a realization of her possibilities and thereafter made steady progress toward the cultured refinement which she enjoys today. In 1792 came the Post-office with its weekly mail, carried on horseback. A year later a stage route was established to Boston, and shortly afterwards was extended west to Albany. There was also established, about this time, a paper mill, a book store and a job printing office.

In this age of railroads, trolley lines, automobiles, and projected air-ships it is hard to realize the difficulties under which our fathers travelled. When William Clarke removed from Dorchester to Northampton, his good wife "rode with panniers slung across her horse's back; in each pannier was packed a boy, and a third was carried on her lap"; the husband and father "walked before." When Rev. John Hooker, the third minister, married a Miss Worthington of Springfield,



she journeyed to her new home, according to the etiquette of the time, on a pillion behind one of her husband's deacons. Today, our Union Station is the converging point of three railway systems, and the trolley tracks at the junction of Main, State, Elm and South Streets, constitute an *electro-plexus*, whose ganglia radiate in all directions; bringing the remote "Hill Towns" into easy and vital communication with the educational, social and business stronghold of the county—the "Shire Town"; making it possible for the jaded indoor workers of the city to obtain a glimpse of this beautiful world as the Creator made it, and thus working incalculable benefit to all.

In the early days the savages far outnumbered the white men. Today the only red men in the vicinity are the Capawonke tribe and the scattering wooden Indians which serve to call attention to the tobacco stores.

In the early days mails were infrequent and newspapers were not considered mailable matter. Today a newspaper may be sent anywhere in the United States for one cent and the local postoffice receives sixty-one mails daily, dispatches a like number, and its gross receipts amount to \$33,000 yearly.

In the early days educational appropriations were in favor of boys only. Girls were excluded from the public schools. But in the latter part of the eighteenth century a teacher in South Street, one Nathaniel Edwards, having been shown of God that the term, children, included both sexes, devoted his leisure hours to the instruction of girls. Today the co-educational public school system, the Capen Classical School for Girls, and "Fair Smith," smiling from her gentle eminence upon the bustling business section of the city, continually demonstrate the truth that the feminine brain equals the masculine in quality if not in actual weight.

It would be a work of pleasure to give a detailed account of the beauties, industries and institutions of modern North-



PARADISE



CORNER KING AND MAIN STREETS, NORTHAMPTON



KING STREET: EDWARDS ELM

Church," filled with worshippers, fell one Sunday morning during the pastorate of Jonathan Edwards; to give the particulars of his dismissal from Northampton and quote from that soul-shriveling sermon: "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." But all this, and much more, has been written by far more facile pens and fascinating though the subject is, we must turn our attention elsewhere.

Leaving the region of Paradise behind us we see on the right, as we take seats in the Hadley-

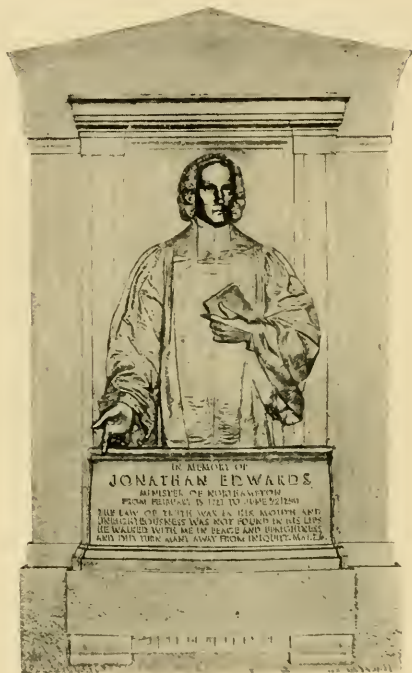
ampton; to tell of her lovely streets, and tasteful residences; of gifts bestowed by loyal and generous sons and daughters; of the famous persons who have visited and praised her; to "Tarry-a-while" at the home of the founder of the Home Culture Clubs; to tell you that the old College Bookstore has occupied its present site since 1790 and that the present proprietor, Mr. S. E. Bridgman, has been there nearly sixty years; to relate how the gallery of the "Second



HOMESTEAD OF JONATHAN EDWARDS, KING STREET

Amherst ear, the commodious Academy of Music, the scene of the annual presentation of the "Senior Dramatics." On the left is the Edwards Congregational Church. On the right as we pass along the main street are Memorial Hall, Unitarian Church and City Hall, all in a row; just below, on the left, is "Boyden's," dear to the memory of every graduate of Smith. The First Church is the fourth stately daughter of that little "house for ye towne, of sawen timber, 26 foot by 18 foot," with thatched roof, two windows and no pews or stove. The land on which the Court House stands

was given to the town in 1767 by "fifty-six generous persons" for a Court House and Common, "and for no other purpose whatever." On the right, as we turn into King Street, is the First National Bank, and two doors below, on Main Street, is Smith Charities Building. Proceeding along King Street we pass, on the right, the site of the Jonathan Edwards Homestead. The large elm was planted by him, and many good people point out a certain limb as having been a favorite seat of his; needless to say, however, that he would hardly have endangered the life of the tree at that early stage of its growth by sitting in it.



IN MEMORY OF
JONATHAN EDWARDS.
MINISTER OF NORTHAMPTON
FROM FEBRUARY 1721 TO JANUARY 1726
HIS LAST AND BEST WORK WAS HIS AUTOGRAPH
UNBROKEN COURAGE WAS NOT FOUND IN HIS LIFE
HE WALKED WITH ME IN PEACE AND UNCHANGING
AND THIS TIME WENT AWAY FROM DISTRESS MAY 1726



TROLLEY BRIDGE

Now, around the Armory corner, under the railway tracks, and up North Street, past the cemetery, in use since 1661, across the bridge, 1288 feet in length and the longest structure of the kind in the world to be used for exclusive trolley service, another mile over the State Road and we cross the old Front Street of

H A D L E Y

ALMOST as old as Northampton, Hadley was, during the Indian disturbances, the military center of Hampshire County. Many stirring scenes have been enacted in this, its original "Town Street." General Burgoyne once spent a night here and, on his departure, presented his sword and tent to his host as a token of appreciation. All the militia in the County, numbering 10,000 men, were once ordered to parade here by

General Ebenezer Mattoon. General Joseph Hooker was born at the north end of the street. He was known, during the civil war, as "Fighting Joe Hooker," and was called the handsomest man in the army. His birthplace was standing in 1895, but was burned a few years later. Slavery existed here, as in most of the other towns in the valley. In 1753 Rev. Chester Williams willed to his wife; "my negro woman, Phillis, my sheep and my cows," and Phillis was appraised at £40 along with the cattle. The Elmwood House, corner of Academy Lane, stands on the original home lot of Parson Russell, in whose house the Regicides were concealed. Hopkins Academy, at the upper end of the Lane, was founded by Edward Hopkins, Esq., and was the first institution devoted to classical learning within the limits of Hampshire County. Opposite the Academy, on Middle Street, is the First Church and the Town Hall.



RUSSELL CHURCH AND ELMWOOD HOUSE, HADLEY



HOPKINS ACADEMY, HADLEY

Everybody knows the legend of the "Angel of Hadley;" the gathering of the people in the church, the cry of, "Indians!" the confusion, and the sudden appearance of "a man of commanding mien, whom none of us had ever seen before," the rout of the "savages," and the mysterious disappearance of their deliverer. It is an interesting story, and well within the limit of probability. J. Fennimore Cooper has written around the incident that romantic tale "The Wept-of-Wish-ton-Wish." Sir Walter Scott has put the story into the mouth of "Major Bridge-north" in "Peveril of the Peak," although he gives the credit of the act to Whalley, rather than Goffe. But the historians differ in their opinions as to its authenticity. Some give it credence; others pronounce it a myth; still others favor it somewhat but "do not know." Whether it really occurred or not, however, we may well believe that, had occasion demanded, the brave Goffe would have proved fully equal to the deed attributed to him.

But our broomstick coach has borne us swiftly along until we find ourselves about to enter that temple of learning, the town of

Everybody knows the legend of the "Angel of Hadley;" the gathering of the people in the church, the cry of, "Indians!" the confusion, and the sudden appearance of "a man of commanding mien, whom none of us had ever seen before," the rout of the "sav-



FIRST CHURCH, HADLEY



AMHERST COLLEGE

A M H E R S T

AMHERST was originally the Third precinct of Hadley and was a settlement in 1731, a district in 1759 and a town in 1776. It was probably named for General Jeffery Amherst, an English officer. Amherst Academy, established in 1814, was the nucleus of the present Amherst College which crowns the rise at the southerly end of the street. It was co-educational during the first years of its existence and received at one time as a pupil, Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke College. The first college catalogue was issued in March, 1822, and the first commencement exercises were held in August of the same year; the graduating class numbered two. The Amherst students of today go about, as did the aboriginal dwellers, with no head covering save that provided by nature. Doubtless they resemble them also in that they occasionally don their war paint and take the trail for "Hamp," in search of scalps and

plunder. Amherst has been the abiding-place of many illustrious people. Noah Webster, the great lexicographer, lived here for ten years and was one of the founders of the College. Helen Hunt Jackson was born here; Henry Ward Beecher prepared for college at Mt. Pleasant Institute; Eugene Field went to school here as a boy; and so we might proceed indefinitely, but we make close connections here and are soon whizzing along through the extensive grounds of the State Agricultural College, along the pretty street of North Amherst and at last, after a sharp turn around the shoulder of a sand bluff we swing into the broad street of that typical New England farming village, with its white church, fine new library, trim, thrifty-looking homesteads and fertile, well-tilled bottom lands, known to the early settlers as Swampfield, but later christened



AMHERST COMMON



SUNDERLAND STREET

S U N D E R L A N D

WHICH lies on the easterly bank of the Connecticut River, facing Mt. Sugar Loaf. The energies of the residents are directed largely to the cultivation of the soil, and the chief "money products" are onions and tobacco. The farmers also do a lucrative cream business, receiving some months as many as \$4,000 for their output. We may, if we choose, walk down Bridge Street, cross to South Deerfield and reach the tracks of the Greenfield, Deerfield and Northampton line; but let us make that the object of another trip; to include a visit to Mt. Toby and Sunderland cave, and returning to Northampton the way we came, connect at the Armory with the car for Hatfield and the north.

Just at first the view is tame and uninteresting, but the blue line of the hills peeping over the tops of the freight cars give promise of the exquisite beauty of the picture that greets



SUNDERLAND BRIDGE AND MT. SUGAR LOAF

our eyes as we gain the higher ground near the stone crusher. Here the river makes that wide detour known as the "horseshoe bend;" eastward are the twin spires of sleepy old Hadley and, still eastward, sits studious Amherst on her gently sloping hill. On the left we approach Laurel Park, connected

by a spur-track with the main trolley line. This pleasing spot is the home of the Methodist Camp-meeting Association and the Connecticut Valley Chautauqua Assembly. Still onward, hemmed in by ubiquitous tobacco barns but never losing sight of the distant hills, and we have reached the staid old town of



ANOTHER VIEW OF SUNDERLAND BRIDGE AND MT. SUGAR LOAF



HATFIELD STREET

H A T F I E L D

WE shall have time for only a fleeting glance as we spin along the two miles of street. The first mile runs almost directly north and south. The houses wear a venerable look but none seem to have attained great age save one, which stands back from the street, on the left. Notice the quaint "high-boy" scroll above the door. There are three similar doorways on the street but none so old, I think. A turn to the left, and we face the second mile, running east and west. In this street lived, and died, Sophia Smith; just behind the church she lies buried. The older inhabitants still speak of her as "Miss Sōphy." She was born in the long, low-browed house on the right, and built the square aggressive one beside it after the death of her brother Austin; when she "came into her

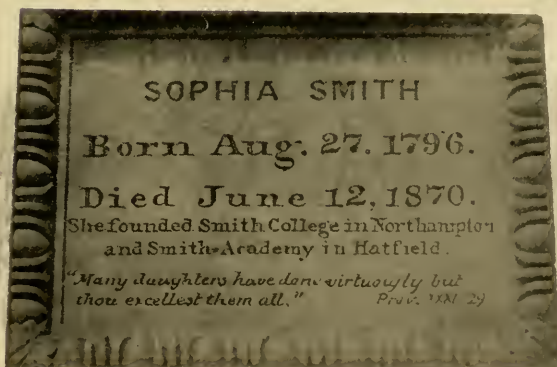
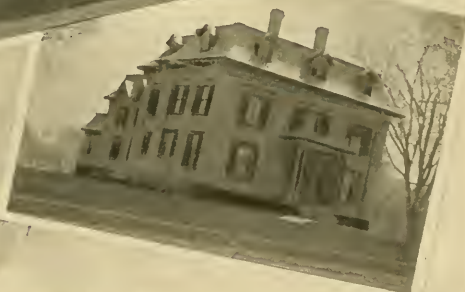
money." In the middle of the street, near her two homes, formerly stood the old church, and the schoolhouse—which she never attended. In the little brick Town Hall are a number of interesting relics, including a check drawn by George Washington and dated, Mt. Vernon, June 12, 1798. Across the river, in North Hadley, may be seen the fine old residence of Bishop Huntington, and beyond rises Mt. Warner, which constitutes a part of the Huntington estate. We meet the south-bound car at the end of the street; then away again, leaving North Hatfield on our left. Turning for another glance at the hills we see at the very top the white church at Shutesbury, literally nearer heaven than any point in sight.

As we near the end of the tree-lined avenue which doubtless gives the lonely looking hostelry on our left its name, Mt. Sugar Loaf suddenly confronts us as if to demand the password to the charmed valley whose entrance he guards. We whisper "Wequamps;"* and he majestically retires, leaving us free to continue our way into

S O U T H D E E R F I E L D

WHICH is included in the township of Old Deerfield, and may be called the commercial end of that historic village. The exertion of a climb to the top of Sugar Loaf will be well repaid by the magnificent sweep of country spread out before us. Just across the bridge, where the valley narrows to squeeze between the mountain and river, lies Sunderland. On the right we may look down upon the streets of South Deerfield. Southward the varied green of the meadows, cleft by the placid-flowing Connecticut, dotted with villages and isolated farmhouses, and, in the far distance, the serrated skyline of the Holyoke range make a scene of unparalleled beauty. "It

* The Indian name of the mountain.



THE TWO RESIDENCES OF SOPHIA SMITH, HATFIELD



KING PHILIP

is not excelled," said John Quincy Adams, "by anything I have seen; not excepting the Bay of Naples."

Here came King Philip to reconnoiter; plotting, as he scanned the valley with eagle glance, to rid the land of the hated pale faces and restore it to its former owners. After all the disappearance of the Indian from his former haunts has its pathetic side. True, he was cruel and bloodthirsty; but the country had been his, and he saw it gradually slipping away from him. He realized that the two races could never live side by side and he took

the only means he knew to rid himself of the incubus; the way of the tomahawk and the scalpingknife. His point of view differed, in all respects, from ours and we must remember that a man's point of view is an important factor to consider in judging his actions.

Now we come to the business center of the town, comprising the stores, postoffice and two hotels; the larger, rejoicing in the sanguinary title of "Bloody Brook House", stands directly on the corner. Farther up the street, on the left, is the building of the Arms Manufacturing Company, the oldest pocketbook manufactory in the United States. In the early days of the industry the finished product was transported to Hartford by ox teams and shipped thence to New York by boat.

In front of the green house, on the right, is the slab which marks the grave of the victims in the Bloody Brook Massacre, 1675. The monument in the little park marks the scene of the battle. The presence of so many soldiers at Hadley had made



BLOODY BROOK HOUSE, SOUTH DEERFIELD



ARMS MANUFACTURING CO., SOUTH DEERFIELD

serious inroads on their supplies, and winter was rapidly approaching. At Deerfield were 3,000 bushels of grain partly threshed and in danger of destruction at the hands of Philip's savage hordes.

"Who will go to Deerfield meadows and bring the ripened grain?"
 Said old Mosley to his men in array,
 "Take the wagons and the horses and bring it back again,
 But be sure that no man stray
 All the day by the way."

Then the flower of Essex started, with Lathrop at their head,
 Wise and brave, bold and true.
 He had fought the Pequots long ago, and now to Mosley said,
 "Be there many, be there few,
 I will bring the grain to you."

* * * * *

The wagons have all forded the brook as it flows,
 And then the rear guard stays
 To pick the purple grapes that are hanging from the boughs,
 When crack!—to their amaze —
 A hundred firelocks blaze!

* * * * *

And Philip and his devils pour in their shot so fast
 From behind and before,
 That man after man is shot down and breathes his last;
 Every man lies dead in his gore
 To fight no more,—no more.

Oh, weep, ye maids of Essex, for the lads who have died—
 The flower of Essex they!
 The Bloody Brook still ripples by the black mountain-side,
 But never shall they come to see the ocean-tide,
 And never shall the bridegroom return to his bride
 From that dark and cruel day,—cruel day!

—Edward Everett Hale.

The next point on our route is the hamlet of Wapping. Here we get our first glimpse of the Deerfield Arts and Crafts Society. In the unpainted house on the left, the last before we enter the meadow, lives Mr. Caleb Allen, weaver of rugs and carver of furniture, principally the old colonial "brides' chests." The rugs are woven just as the rag carpets



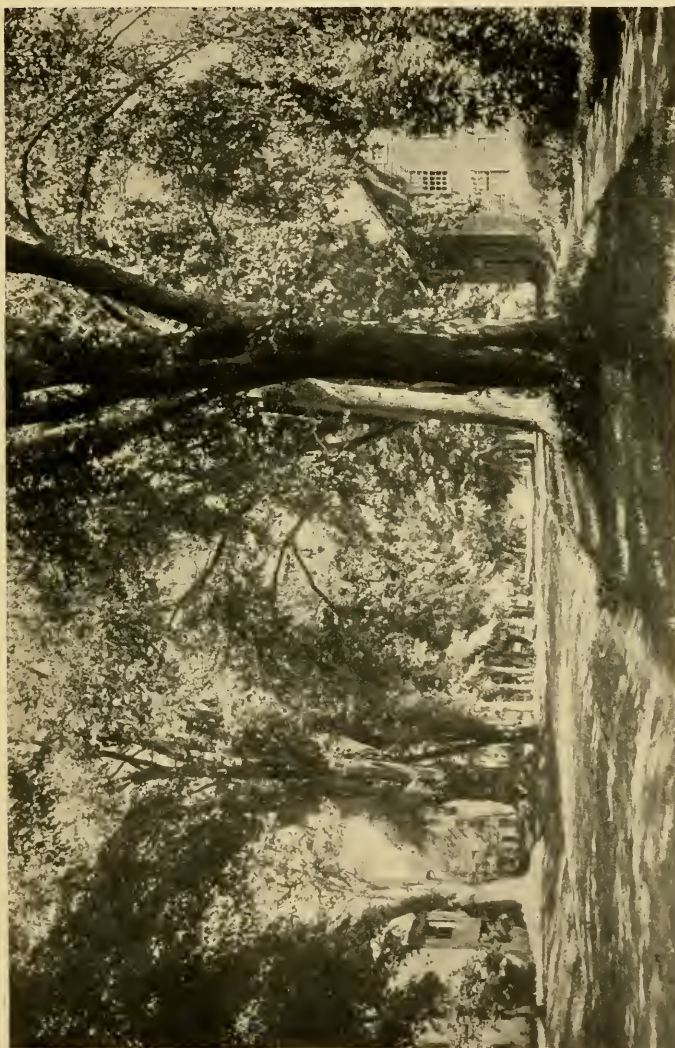
MONUMENT, SOUTH DEERFIELD

of our grandmothers were. The rags are prepared for weaving by residents of Deerfield and five looms are in operation, two being owned by Mr. Allen. Besides the heavy floor rugs, lighter ones of silk are woven for table covers.

A mile through "vale and swelling upland," with every now and again a glint of the river, and we emerge, at the village smithy, into the "Old Street" of

D E E R F I E L D

LET us alight here and walk about for an hour. At the very end of the street, on the right, is the original home-lot of the founder of the Arms family in America. The second house on the left is the summer home of Augustus Vincent Tack. The house with the carved doorway and the box-bordered flower garden in front was the residence of the late J. Wells Champney. The door was brought by Mr. Champney from New York and was once the entrance to the house of Alexander Hamilton. We pause to read the inscription on the Jonathan Wells tablet, then turn into Depot Lane and proceed to Memorial Hall, the headquarters of the "Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association." The room on the right is devoted to Indian relics. Here is the battered door of the "Old Indian House." On the floor beside it is a carved chest which survived the massacre and conflagration of 1704. We lift the lid and are reminded of the legend of Lord Lovell's bride; for inside reposes the skeleton of an Indian. On the wall hangs a fine portrait of the presiding genius of the town, Hon. George Sheldon, painted by Mr. Tack. The building contains an exhaustive and interesting collection of Indian and Colonial relics. Returning to the Old Street we notice a house on the right bearing on its chimney the date 1698. This is the old "Frary House," also called the "Old Tavern." Aaron Burr is said to have spent a night under its roof; George Washington's commissary wagon also stopped here when foraging the country for supplies. The white house beside it, next the church, is the "Miller House," headquarters of the Blue-and-White Needle Work Society, which "Has, as its aim, the revival of the linen embroidery of the last century." It reproduces the old designs, preserved as family heir looms, "keeping as close as possible to the spirit of the colonial needle-women, even to the colors hand-dyed in indigo, and fustic and madder dyepots." The road



DEERFIELD STREET



MEMORIAL HALL

Here are the headquarters of the Palm-leaf Basket department of the D. A. C. S. This work is a revival of the old hat-braiding industry and is carried on by a few of the older women, who formerly braided hats. The south side of the house contains a secret staircase; built, probably, to facilitate escape in the event of an Indian assault. On the left we pass the "Little Brown House on the Albany Road," whose story has been told so interestingly by Mr. Sheldon. Just before the road drops to the meadow, we come to the old cemetery. Here lie the remains of Ensign and Hannah Sheldon; John and Eunice Williams and their children; and here is the mound which marks the grave of those who were killed in the massacre of 1704. The oldest stone bears the date 1695. The latest will be dated 1903, for here, overlooking the beautiful meadows which he loved so well, rests the body of J. Wells Champney.

leading to the left along the edge of the common was the old road to Albany. The house which stands behind the Academy, as we shall see by the tablet, was built for the "Redeemed Captive" in 1707. Over the door is the "high-boy" scroll and on the lower panel is the "witches cross."



GEORGE SHELDON

The common contains much to interest us. The Academy occupies the site of John Williams' house which, with so many others, was burned in 1704. Here are the tablets that tell the story of Benoni Stebbins, and the Indian House; here are the Soldiers' monument and the old Fort well. The church, built in 1824, was originally the home of the Congregationalists: but, owing to a difference of opinion on some points of



MILLER AND FRARY HOUSES

doctrine, the conservatives withdrew, leaving the Unitarians in possession of the church building.

"The old Manse," opposite the church, is one of the most interesting of the Deerfield houses. The wing was occupied in 1704 by Samuel Carter, whose family were "captived." The main part was built by a wealthy Salem merchant and willed by him to his nephew, Joseph Barnard. Three daughters of Joseph, "Nabby," "Rachel," and "Sally," were married from the manse one Sunday morning in 1792, "all dressed in



JOHN WILLIAMS' HOUSE

received as guests, Francis Parkman, Dr. Channing, Charles Sumner, Ralph Waldo Emerson and many other famous men. Mrs. Wynne, the present owner of the mansion, introduced the people to the "Raffia Basket," which, as made in Deerfield, is the product of "hand and brain working in conjunction." They do not copy the Indian baskets but work out their own ideas in shape, color and design.

But we must hasten, for our car is almost due. The large white house next the hotel is the home of Hon. George Sheldon. Opposite a tablet marks the site of the old Liberty-pole. Just above on the right live the Allen Sisters, whose artistic photographic work is known far and near. Near the end of the street is the Old

blue." Whether they also wore "something old, something new, and something borrowed," history fails to relate. During the residence there of Samuel Willard, the 'Founder of the Unitarian Movement in Western Massachusetts," he



UNITARIAN CHURCH

Sheldon House built by "Ensign" Sheldon after 1704. We may read the story of the house on the tablet near. In the very last house on our left is made the "netting" with which our foremothers delighted to adorn their "bed-testers," valances, etc. It is made with a shuttle, very much

after the manner of tatting. The old-style tufted counterpanes are also made. Here on the "North Terrace" came the heroine of Mary E. Wilkin's story of the Deerfield Massacre, to call her lover, "David Walcott." Here she "strained her blue eyes toward Canada, held out her fair arms," and down across these meadows came David with the "white sheep's fleece on his back."



OLD WILLARD HOUSE



SHELDON HOUSE

Here we meet the car, which carries us along the edge of the meadow, past Pine Knoll, an old-time rendezvous of the Indians, through Cheapside where the river barges formerly disposed of their cargoes, across the river and on, up the hill into



GREENFIELD COMMON

GREENFIELD

DEERFIELD and Greenfield were closely identified in the early days. The first home lots were laid out along Green River in 1686, but not until 1753 did Greenfield become a town.

"Meanwhile," says Mr. Herbert Parsons, "it had borne its share of the trials of the old town. Its few rude homes were the objects of attack. Its soil was traversed by the Indians bearing from Deerfield the captives of 1704, and received the blood of Eunice Williams, the wife of John Williams, 'the redeemed captive.' The troops of Captain Turner marched across its territory to the famous surprise of the Indian village near the falls now bearing his name."

When Franklin County came into existence in 1812, Greenfield was invested with the dignity pertaining to the "County Seat." The town is built on a high terrace at the



EAST MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD

head of the Deerfield Valley and presents a most attractive appearance with its broad, elm-shaded streets and fine residences. It is reached from the outside world-at-large by the Boston & Maine system, Fitchburg and Connecticut River divisions, and is connected by trolley with Turners Falls, Millers Falls and Montague, while the Greenfield, Deerfield and Northampton line extends southward to meet the Springfield line. In manufactures mechanical hardware predominates, although shoes, woodenware, silverware and pocket-books are also manufactured.

Greenfield maintains an excellent public school system under the superintendence of Mr. George H. Danforth. There is also the Prospect Hill school for girls, which ranks well among schools of its class. Green River, from which the town takes its name, is prosaic enough here; but back among the hills, in Cummington, its romantic beauty has inspired the muse of no less a poet than William Cullen Bryant.

Here, at the terminus of the trolley line, is the Mansion House, one of the best-known hotels in Western Massachusetts, and we may procure an excellent dinner before taking passage on the Greenfield and Turners Falls line to



MANSION HOUSE, GREENFIELD



MAIN STREET, TURNERS FALLS

TURNERS FALLS

THE primary factor in the development of the town of Turners Falls has been the Turners Falls Company, which furnishes water power to the various manufacturing concerns. Its origin dates back to 1792 when the "Proprietors of the Locks and Canals of the Connecticut" were incorporated.

It was the dream of the Turners Falls Company to build a city greater than Holyoke, not only in the furnishing of applied power, but in the manufacture of paper. Next to Holyoke it is one of the greatest distributing points for paper, especially news printing paper, in America. The John Russell Manufacturing Company, the oldest cutlery establishment in the United States, has its plant here. There are, also, a number of paper mills, a cotton mill and, just across the river, the Turners Falls Lumber Company. Each has had a share in promoting the growth of the up-to-date town of the present. Today may be heard the puff of the locomotive; the hum

of the trolley car; the whirr of the busy wheels of trade. But the Spirit of the Great River whispers of far different sights and sounds. For here, on its banks, was fought the battle which meant the beginning of the end for King Philip. The Indians had gathered for the spring fishing; a foraging party had just returned from Hatfield with a supply of stolen cattle. They had gorged themselves with meat and milk and had fallen into "swinish sleep." They woke to find Captains Turner and Holyoke, with 150 men, in their very wigwams! Frantically they took to the river, some in canoes, others swimming; but the current was strong; the river wide; the aim of the white men sure; and before their allies in the camps below could come to the rescue three hundred Indians had begun the journey to the "Happy Hunting Grounds." The death of Captain Turner is commemorated in "The beautiful falls which bears his name."



TURNERS FALLS



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF MILLERS FALLS

MILLERS FALLS

MILLERS FALLS is, comparatively speaking, a newcomer among the hills. Thirty years ago it boasted three houses and a hotel, which was a station on the old stage route between Boston and Albany. It was then known as "Grout's Corner." It is now a thriving manufacturing village, lining the sides and bottom of an immense natural bowl cut in two by Millers River, which frets along under the bridge like the chronic grumbler at a trolley turn-out. One might fancy the hillside residences to have been blown by the breath of Boreas from the neighboring mountain tops, with the injunction to catch-as-catch-can, for they seem to be sticking in their heels to keep from sliding into the river.

Of the two manufacturies, the Millers Falls Company



INDIAN HOUSE DOOR

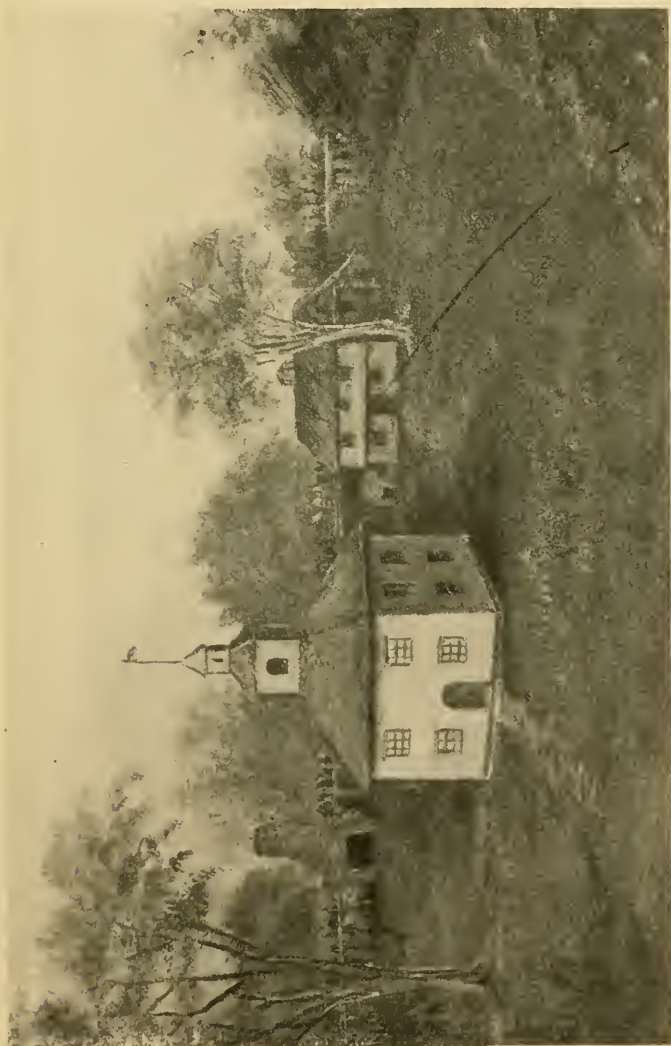
is the older and has a wide reputation for fine hardware. The Millers Falls Manufacturing Company's product is paper. The village is on the main line of the Fitchburg railroad and is the terminus of the Millers Falls branch of the Greenfield and Turners Falls trolley line, which passes beautiful Lake Pleasant, the home of the New England Spiritualists Camp-meeting Association.

But though the body is borne forward by the whizzing car, through new and varied scenes, the mind lingers in Deerfield. Still, in fancy, we wander through the rooms of Memorial Hall; again we saunter down the old Albany road to the ancient cemetery and, entering, stand reverently beside the graves of John and Eunice Williams.

Again we retrace our steps to the "Old Town Plot"; and as we linger in the shade of the venerable elm, that has watched all from the beginning, the present fades from our ken. The air grows cold and piercing; snow covers all the country; daylight begins to fade; the stars wink in the frosty sky. The lights disappear in the houses about us and, save the sentinel on his lonely watch, no soul is stirring. The night wears away; the sentinel, benumbed and somnolent, yields to his desire for rest. Hark! a slight *crunching* sound comes over the north



INDIAN HOUSE



THIRD DEERFIELD MEETING-HOUSE

meadow. Peace, 'tis gone. Again it comes, nearer than before! What shapes are those! Nearer they come—they stealthily scale the palisades and distribute themselves among the houses! Still no sound. Now the signal is given, and with whoops and yells that fall upon the ears of their startled victims like the crack of doom, the scene of conflagration and carnage begins! John Williams seizes his gun and aims at the savages who have forced their way into his house; but it hangs fire and he is quickly made prisoner. The stout door of the Sheldon house stands fast, but the fiends are hacking it with all their might! Thicker and faster fall the blows of their tomahawks, and at last they make a small hole in the middle; a savage eye is applied to the opening; someone moves inside—a musket is thrust in—there is a shot! a shriek! and Hannah Sheldon is saved the horrors of that terrible journey to Canada.—And so the butchers, white and red, rage through the doomed village, killing, burning, plundering, until at last, their thirst for blood sated, they turn their faces northward, taking with them one hundred and twelve captives; leaving behind forty-eight scalpless corpses.

The details of the meadow fight, the killing of poor Eunice Williams and others, whose strength forsook them on the way, and the eventual redemption of many of the captives are matters of common knowledge. No history of Western Massachusetts since that day is complete which lacks the tragic story of the burning of Deerfield by the French and Indians, Feb. 29, 1704. But we can never know too much of the dangers and hardships incurred by our sturdy Puritan ancestors, nor can we ever cease to be interested in the life stories of the brave men and women who

“Conquered wood and savage, frost and flame,
And made us what we are.”



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